### STORY

OF

## AL RAOUI,

A TALE

FROM THE ARABIC.

### LONDON:

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1799.

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### Mrs. CUTHBERT.

MY DEAR MADAM.

IT is usual with the Easterns to retain an Attendant, for the sake of amusing them with ingenious recitals; and AL RAOUI, or THE TALETELLER, is the title they give him.

If this Story of the Emir's, an adept in his art, can afford You any amusement, it will be highly gratifying to

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Mrs. CUTHBERT

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# PREFACE.

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IN the Preface to THE HISTORY OF VATHEK, a collection of Tales is mentioned, of which this Story is one. It was translated above sixteen years since, and still would have remained in oblivion, but for notices of a manuscript possessed by Captain SCOTT, which occur in Major Ouseley's very curious Collections. The contents of a Tale, as there expressed, suggested the persuasion of its identity

with this; or, at least, of its being very similar to it: for, of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, it deserves to be remarked, that no two transcripts are found to be the same. Indeed, it would be strange if they were; for, setting aside design in the person reciting them, each Tale in recital must, more or less, vary.

If Captain SCOTT, who is preeminently qualified to render them justice, could be induced to translate his own collection, it is impossible to say how great an obligation, he, by it, would confer on the public.

IN the Prefers to The History

Mr. BROWNE, in his Travels in Africa, Egypt and Asia, just published, mentions a circumstance, which, as illus-

Scorr, which occur in Major Oust-

trating a remark in the following Story, is for that reason subjoined.

"When a firman or mandate is received in Egypt from Constantinople, the Beys are summoned to the castle to hear the commands of the Porte. Those who attend, as soon as the reading is finished, answer, as is usual, Esmana wa taana, "We have heard, and we obey."

Since the foregoing Preface was sent to the press, it is found, that Captain SCOTT has undertaken the translation of his Manuscript; and that the original Arabic of this Tale, will be inserted from it, in Major Ouseley's Collections.

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# STORY

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### AL RAOUI.

THERE was formerly an Emir of Grand Cairo, whose company was more sought for his genius, than his rank. One day, being very sad, he turned to an attendant and said: my heart is dejected, and I know not the cause; relate to me some story, to dissipate my grief. AL RAOUI, with whom hearing was obedience, re-

plied: the Great deem stories an antidote to chagrin; if you will allow me, I will tell you mine own.

In the days of my youth, I became enamoured of a beautiful damsel, who, with symmetry of features, had a skin pure as snow. She dwelt with her father and mother, and I, only to behold her, often passed by their door. Going thither one day, as was my custom, and finding no one within, I asked of their neighbours, whither they were gone?—It was told me, they had changed their habitation, and were departed, to dwell in the Valley of Camels. This greatly afflicted my heart. Not able to live any longer without her, I relinquished my all, to seek her abode. That evening, I

saddled my camel, girded on my sabre, mounted the beast, and set forth.

The night was dark, the road difficult, and perplexed by precipices and torrents. To increase my distress, I was surrounded by the howlings of the desert. Notwithstanding, I blessed God for whatever might occur, and went on as before. At length, drooping with fatigue, drowsiness oppressed me; and, subdued by its power, I dozed as I rode. Whilst thus slumbering, my camel went astray; but, proceeding slowly, I did not awake, till my forehead was stricken by the branch of a tree. As day was beginning to dawn, I discerned by the faint glimmering, that I had wandered widely from my way. We cannot go against God's

will! said I to myself; we must be content with whatever may happen! Reasoning in this manner, I turned my eyes on all sides, and beheld pleasant gardens divided by streams, and birds that, incited by the beams of the morning, harmoniously blended their sweetest songs. Instantly alighting, I took my camel by the bridle, and walked onward, till I entered the land of Alfla.

Having thus recovered spirits, I remounted my beast, and not knowing whither I was come, entirely resigned her to the guidance of God. After crossing a delightful region, I found myself again on a wild. There, I beheld a magnificent tent, whose awnings, of dazzling white, were waved

by the breath of the morning; and, at glimpses, discovered the splendour within. Goats and sheep were pasturing round; a camel and horse stood near at their picket, but no human creature appeared.—This is very strange! said I to myself. At length, approaching, I called: Who is there?-doth not some good Mussulman inhabit this tent?-would he point out his way to a traveller bewildered? Immediately came forth a youth, beautiful as the moon when, leaving a cloud, she stoops from beneath it, into clear blue sky. His dress gave a grace to his noble appearance. He saluted me with the accent of gentleness, and said: brother Arab, you seem to have erred from your road?-I answered that I had, and trust you will guide me .-

Brother, said he, the tracks hence are imperfect, it now raineth, the night will be dark, and, in this region, are many wild beasts: alight, rest yourself with me; and, to-morrow, I will point out your way. At these words I dismounted. Tying up my camel, he gave her some provender, and ushered me into his tent. When there seated, he left me, and departed in search of a sheep. Having killed and prepared it with savoury herbs, we placed ourselves at his table. The young man, during this repast, ceased not to sigh and to weep. I divined that, from love, proceeded his tears; because, myself, being conscious of love, I judged he must love vehemently: for one knows not what honey is till we taste it. I wished to learn

from him the state of his heart, but feared to appear indiscreet.

of distinct representation between the analysis and after

When we had sufficiently eaten, he brought out, in a golden canteen, two bottles of chrystal, one with musked rose-water, the other with wine; and a napkin of silk, bordered with gold. I washed my hands, admiring at the magnificence and taste that my host had displayed. We then conversed for a while, after which he introduced me to the interiour of his tent, shewed me a rich matrass of green silk, furnished with curtains of the colour; and retired, wishing me refreshment from slumber. I undressed myself, and sunk at once into sleep. Never did I enjoy a more tranquil repose. My imagination pos-

entered, A couly perceived they were

sessed by what I had seen, and my soul soothed by the hospitality and deportment of my host, presented to me dreams of pleasantness and peace. After some hours of rest, I was wakened by a voice, more melodious than a lute. Softly drawing back the curtain, I discovered with mine host a young woman, lovely as the chief of the Houries. After a moment, I heard much whispering. Methought, at first, the Beauty I saw was a daughter of the Genii in love with this youth, and sequestered here to enjoy him; for her look cast a radiance, like that of the sun, upon every object around: but I soon found her no other than a daughter of Arabia.

Seeing them hand in hand, as they entered, I easily perceived they were

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lovers; and could not refrain from blessing their lot. Immediately closing the curtains, I reposed my head on the pillow, and again yielded to sleep. In the morning, having put on my clothes, after ablution and prayer, I went to mine host. We broke our fast together, but I asked no question of what I had seen. When our meal was ended, I said: Now, hope I your kindness will shew me my way; it will be a favour conferred upon all that are passed. Know, replied he, it is a custom with the Arabs to lengthen their visits to the end of three days; moreover, your company is acceptable to me, and I shall rejoice if it please you to stay. Finding myself constrained to fulfil his desire, I tarried with mine host till the fourthday came, and saw, each night, the damsel return. At the end of this time, I forbore, no longer, to ask him, who he might be?-He replied, I am one of the tribe of Beni Azra; then told me his name, the name of his father, and his father's brethren. On hearing these names, I knew him to be the son of my uncle, of the great tribe of Beni Azra. Of this I apprized him, and further inquired: Why, my kinsman, hast thou forsaken thy illustrious house, to dwell alone in this desert?-No sooner had I spoken these words, than he answered: I came, my cousin, to dwell in this desert, it being the abode of her whom I love. I am enamoured of the daughter of my uncle, the second brother of my father; I sought her at his hands, but he denied

my request, and betrothed her forthwith to another, our kinsman, who, having gone in to her, led her away, to the place where he himself dwells. For the space of a year I was not myself, and being unable to live from her sight, I abandoned all to come hither. She whom my soul loveth, abides at the foot of yond mountain, and every evening returns, to converse for an hour with me. It is for this comfort that here I remain; and trust, by God's favour, all will be well .- Then, said I, if, when she shall come this evening, thou wilt seat her on my camel, take what thou hast which is precious, and go together with me; the foot of my beast is so fleet that, before the day can dawn, we shall be far removed from this place. Then wilt thou enjoy, without any to hinder, the solace of abiding with her whom thou lovest; and thou shalt be free to choose the abode of thine eyes; for the land of God is very wide: I also will help thee, to the utmost of my power.—

This proposal pleased him well. He embraced it with a look of delight. We waited impatiently till evening should come, to hear what the damsel would say.

When twilight drew on, we repaired to the door, earnestly expecting to see her approach. Each air seemed to bring the tread of her step. Her perfume, he tried to inhale from the breeze. After anxiously waiting a long time in vain, my kinsman, he cried, in a faultering voice, some mis-

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fortune most surely hath beset her on the way! Abide my return; I will go forth to see.—On saying this, he entered the tent, snatched up his sabre, and went.

In the space of two hours I saw him come back, with a bundle pressed under his arm. His visage was covered with the paleness of death. Trembling and bewildered, he hurried towards me, and, dropping what he brought, fell, lifeless, at my feet. After some time, he appeared again to revive, but his faintness gave way to the bitterest anguish. At length, in distraction, he loudly exclaimed: a lion hath met, hath devoured my beloved!—lo! her robe, her vail, and her blood!—Here, is all of her now that

remains!—Having thus spoken, he continued for an hour, entranced, and speechless, gazed on her vestments. Then, looking less wildly, he said:—Remain!—I am going, but soon shall return.

Within another hour he re-entered the tent, bearing in his hand the head of the lion. This, casting on the ground, he asked me for water, and, having washed off the gore, he kissed its mouth. His tears, now, gushed forth afresh, and, beholding with stedfastness the object of horror, till then muffled up in a wrap of her dress, he uttered a groan that cleft through my heart.

I approached; he grasped my hand, and said: I conjure thee, by the love

of our kinswoman; by the friendship we have mutually sworn, to keep this adventure undivulged to our kin; let it not depart from thy lips. May the memory of my misfortune, as well as my felicity—so short in duration! be for ever buried in oblivion. I shall soon be no more. When I am dead, wash me: put on me the robe of my beloved, and inter me, with her remains, in the door of this tent. All it contains is thine. Mayest thou enjoy it more happily than I!-At these words he retired to the inmost apartment:-in another hour coming forth, he sunk upon the earth, compressed my hands, and expired.

Amazed at the sight, I, at first, wished for death, but soon recollected the in-

ed, I interred him, according to his will; and tarried three days to lament by his grave. Then, full of affliction from this woeful event, instead of proceeding to the Valley of Camels, I returned to the place of my former abode; for the evil, thus witnessed, had healed me of love.

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### Dabame Cuthbert.

### Werthefte Mabame!

Es ist ein Gebrauch ben den Morgentändern, unster ihrem Gefolge einen Mann zu haben, dessen Pslicht es ist, Sie mit geistreichen Erzählungen zu unterhalten, Al Raoui, oder der Märchen=Erzähster ist der Titel, welchen sie ihm geben. Wenn diese Geschichte des Emirs, ein Meister in seiner Kunst, Ihnen einige Unterhaltung verschaffen kann, so wird es äußerst schmeichelschaft seyn für

den Ueberfeger.

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In der Vorrede zu der Geschichte von Vathef wird einer Sammlung von Erzählungen erwähnet, wovon diese Geschichte eine ist. Es sind ohngesehr sechzehn Jahre, seit dem sie der Herausgeber überseite, und würde noch immer in Vergessenheit geblieben sepn; hätte nicht Major Ouselev in seiner sehr merkwürdigen Sammlung, genannt (Oriental Collections) eines Manuscripts, von welchem Hauptmann Scott Eigenthümer ist, Erwähnung gethan. Der Inhalt einer Erzählung, wie sie da mitgetheilt wird, erregte die Ueberzeugung von der Nechtheit der gegenwärtigen, oder wenigstens, daß sie eine große Aehnlichkeit mit jener habe. Denn es ist nöthig zu bemerken, daß von den Arabischen Erzist wird, wie sie daß von den Arabischen Erzist wird, wie siene große Aehnlichkeit mit jener habe.

jählungen, von tausend und einer Nacht (The Arabian Nights.) nicht zwen Manuscripte gesunden werden, die einander gleich sind. Würklich würde es sonderbar senn, wenn es dem also wäre, dem ohne der Absicht der Person, die sie erzählt zu gedenken, so muß jede Geschichte in der Erzählung mehr, oder weniger Verschiedenheit haben.

Wenn der Hauptmann Scott, welcher vorzüglich die Fähigkeit besithet, den Arabischen Erzählungen Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren zu tassen, sich geneigt zeigte, seine eigene Sammlung zu übersethen, so würde er dadurch dem Publico eine Verbindlichkeit austegen, welche es unmöglich ist mit Worten auszudrücken.

Herr Browne in seiner Reise nach Africa, Egypten und Asia die eben erschienen ist, thut eines Umstandes Erwähnung, welche da sie eine Stelle in der gegenwärtigen Erzählung erkfärt, hier angeführt ist. Wenn ein Befehl von Constantinopel ergehet — so werden die Stadhalter auf das Schloß vorgelaten um den Willen der Pforte zu vernehmen. Die so gegenwärtig sind, antworten so bald die Befehle gelesen sind, wie es der Gebrauch ist, Esmana wa taâna. Wir haben gehört und wir gehorchen.

Seit dem diese Vorrede nach der Druckeren geschickt wurde, sindet sich daß Hauptman Scott die Uebersesung seines Manuscripts unternommen hat, und daß das arabische Original gegenwärtiger Erzählung in Major Ousetens Morgenländischen Sammlungen (Oriental Collections) wird eingerückt werden.

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### Gefdichte

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### AL AADUJ.

Die Gesellschaft eines Emirs von Groß Cairo wurde einst mehr seiner Geistesgaben, als seines Ranges wegen gesucht. Eines Tages, da er sehr niedergeschlagen war, wand er sich zu einem seiner Hosseute, und sagte. Wein Herz ist schwer, und ich weis keine Ursache davon anzugeben; erzähle mir eine Geschichte, meinen Rummer zu zerstreuen. Al Raoui für den es genug war zu hören um zu gehorchen, antwortete: die Großen haben von zeher Erzählungen für das beste Gegengist des Rummers gehalten: wenn ihr mir es erlaubet, so will ich euch meine eigene Geschichte mittheilen.

In den Tagen meiner Jugend verliebte ich mich in eine der schönsten Mädchen, welche die feinsten Sesichtszüge, und eine Haut rein wie Schnee hatte. Sie wohnte ben ihrem Vater, und ihrer Mutter, und ich, blos um sie zu sehen, gieng oft an ihrer Thüre vorben. Als ich eines Lages, wie es meine Gewohnheit war, dahin gieng, und niemand zu Hause fand, fragte ich die Nachbarn, wohin die Famitie gegangen wäre. Man sagte, sie hätte ihren Aufenthalt geändert, und wäre nach dem Lande der Camele gereiset, um da zu wohnen. Dieses bertrübte mich im innern des Herzens. Unvermögend ohne das Mädchen zu leben, verlies ich alles, um ihren Wohnort auszusuchen. Denselben Abend sattelte ich mein Camel, nahm mein Schwert, stieg auf, und trat meine Reise an.

Die Nacht war dunkel, der Weg beschwerlich, und mit Bergen, und Strömen durchkreuzt. Mein Elend zu vergrößern, fand ich mich von den Thiczren der Wildniß umgeben. Oneracht allem diesem lobte ich den Herrn für alles, was da immer auch geschehen mögte, und seste meinen Weg wie vorhin weiter fort. Ich ward von Ermüdung überwälztiget, und der Schlaf bemächtigte sich meiner; ich unterlag seiner Gewalt, und schlummerte auf meinem Thiere ein. Während ich auf diese Art schlief,

nahm mein Camel einen unrechten Weg; ba es langsam fortgieng erwachte ich nicht, bis ich von bem Aft eines weitausgebehnten Baumes einen Schlag an meinen Ropf befam. Als der Tag be gann, burch ben Schleier ber Racht zu brechen, nahm ich ben bem schwachen Schimmer ber Morgen-Dämmerung wahr, daß ich merklich von meinem Wege abgefommen fenn mufte. Wir vermögen nichts gegen ben Willen Gottes! fagte ich zu mir felbft, wir müffen mit allem zufrieben fenn, was ba geschiehet! Mit bergleichen Gebanken unterhielt ich mich felbit, und wande meine Augen nach allen Seiten; ich fabe bie schönften Garten mit Bachen burchschlungen, und Boget, die von ber amabenben Morgemothe erwedet, ihre fußeften Gefange gu wirblen anfiengen. Plöslich flieg ich von meinem Camel, nahm es beim Zaum, und gieng zu Rug, bis ich in das Land Alfla fam.

Hier hatte ich frischen Muth gefast, bestieg mein Thier, und da ich nicht wuste, in welcher Gegend ich wäre, überlies ich es der Führung des Himmels. Nachdem ich eine schöne Gegend durchgewandert hatte, fand ich mich abermahl an einer Wüste. Da

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beobachtete ich ein prächtiges Zett, beffen ausgefpannte Leinwand von einem blendenden Weiß, von bem Zefir bes Morgens bin, und ber gewebet wurde, und bemertte zuweilen wie in einem Wetter : Strabt, deffen innere Pracht. Geiße und Rübe weideten um ber; ein Camel und ein Pferd frand in der Rabe an ibrem Pfabt, aber fein menschliches Geschöpf erfchien. Dies ift febr fonderbar! fagte ich zu mir felbft. Endlich fam ich näber, und rief wer ift ba? Bewohnt ein guter Dufelmann diefes Zelt? Wolte er einem armen verirten Reiffenden auf feinem Wege zu= recht weisen? Augenblicklich fam ein Jüngling bervor, schon wie der Mond, wenn er durch die Worken bricht, und unter ihnen in die reine blaue Luft berporblickt. Sein Angug trug gur Gracie feines eblen Unstandes ben. Er begrüßte mich mit einem Tone voll Gefälligfeit, und fagte: Bruder Arabier, ibr scheinet euern Weg verlobren zu baben? Ich antwortete, ja, fo ift es, und ich zweifle nicht, ihr werbet mich gurecht weisen. - Bruber, fagte er, ber Weg ift schlecht, es regnet min, die Nacht wird dunfel fenn; und in diefer Begend find vicle wilde Thiere, fleiget ab, rubet ben mir aus, und morgen will ich ench euren Weg weisen.

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Ben diesen Worten stieg ich ab. Er band mein Camet sest, gab ihm Futter, und wies mich in sein Zett. Alls ich niedergesessen war, verlies er mich, und gieng nach einem Schaase. Nachdem es gesschlachtet, und mit geschmackvotten Kräutern zubereitet war, sesten wir uns zu Tische. Während unserem Mahte seufzte der Jüngling öfter, und weinte. Ich vermuthete, daß Liebe die Quelle seiner Thränen sep, denn da ich selbst liebte, bemerkte ich leicht, daß er äußerst lieben müsse. Man weiß nicht eher, was Honig ist, bis man ihn gekostet hat. Ich wünschte von ihm den Zustand seines Herzens zu erfahren, fürchtete aber unbescheiden zu scheinen.

Alls wir hintänglich gegessen hatten, brachte er in einem goldenen Gefäß zwey Flaschen von Christal: eine mit Rossenwasser, die andere mit Wein, nebst einem Handtuch von Seide mit goldenen Franzen besetzt. Ich wusch meine Hände, und bewunderte die Pracht, und den Geschmack, mit welchem mein Wirth mir aufgewartet hatte. Wir unterhielten und eine Weile miteinander, und nach diesem sührte er mich in das innere seines Zeltes, zeigte mir eine reiche Matrage von grüner Seide, welche mit

and the state of t

Borbangen von derfelben Farbe umgeben war, und verties mich, nachdem er mir eine erquickende Rachtrube gewiinschet batte. Ich legte meine Kleiber ab, und fiel auf der Stelle in den Schlaf. Die hatte ich eine füßere Rube genoffen. Meine Ginbilbungsfraft, erfüllt mit allem, was ich gefeben batte, und meine Geele, eingewiegt von der Gaftfrenbeit, und bem Betragen meines Wirthes fpiegelte mir Traume voll Bergnügens, und Friedens vor. Mach einigen Stunden Rube, ward ich von einer Stimme aufgeweckt, die barmonischer war als eine Klote. Ich öfnete den Borbang leife, und nahm nebst meinem Wirth eine junge Frauensperson gewahr, die schon war, wie die Erfte ber Houries. Ginen Augen= blick bernach borte ich viel Geflüfter. Anfänglich dachte ich, die Schönheit, welche ich gesehen batte, fen eine Tochter ber Benien, die fich in diesen Jungling, verliebt habe, and fen hierher gezogen um feiner zu geniesen. Denn ihr Blick verbreitete eis einen Glanz, wie die Sonne auf jeden Begenstand um fie ber. Bald aber fand ich, daß fie eine Toch: ter Arabiens fen.

Da ich sab, daß sie sich bende im hereinkommen ben der Hand nahmen, stelte ich mir leicht vor, daß fie fich liebten, und fonnte nicht umerlaffen, ihr Loos zu segnen. Ich zog augenblicklich meinen Vorbang zu, legte meinen Kopf auf mein Riffen, und fiel abermahl in einen Schlaf. Alls ich mich bes Morgens angezogen batte, gieng ich, nachbem ich mich gewaschen, und mein Gebet verrichtet batte, gu meinem Wirth. Wir nahmen unfer Frühftück aufammen ein, aber ich unterließ, mich über bas, was ich gesehen batte, zu erfundigen. Rachbem unfer Mabl vorüber war, fagte ich - Run boffe ich, eure Gute wird mir meinen Weg zeigen, wodurch alle schon empfangene Gunftbezeigungen einen neuen Zuwachs erhalten werben. Wiffet, antworte er, daß es ber Bebrauch ber Araber ift, ihre Besuche auf bren Tage auszudehnen, überdies bin ich euch für eure Gefettschaft verbunden, und wenn es euch bebagt, länger ben mir zu bleiben, wird es mich freuen. Geinem Berlangen Genüge zu leiften, und die brev Tage noch ben ibm zuzubringen, schien mir am besten. Babrend dieser Zeit, nahm ich jede Racht wahr, daß das Mädchen gurückfam. Nach beren Verlauf tomme ich mich nicht länger enthalten, ihn zu fragen, wer. er fen? Er antwortete, ich bin einer aus bem Geschlecht bes Beni Agra, nannte mir seinen Rab-

men, und den Nahmen seines Vaters und jene ber Briider feines Baters. Als ich biefetbe gebort batte, wufte ich, daß er ber Gobn meines Dheims fen, von dem großen Geschlicht bes Beni Asra. Ich unterrichtete ibn biervon, und fagte ferner: warum, mein Better, baft bu bein erhabenes Baus vertaffen, um in biefer Bufte attein zu wohnen? Raum hatte ich diese Worte gesprochen, so erwiederte er - 3ch fam, mein Better, in biefer Bufte zu mobnen, weil es der Auffenthalt meiner Geliebten ift. Ich liebe die Tochter meines Obeim des jüngeren Bruders meines Vaters. Ich verlangte fie von ibrem Bater, er aber verfagte fie mir, und verlobte fie an einen andern, auch einen Berwandten, wels cher nachdem er mit ihr verbunden war sie nach sei= nem Wohnsit brachte. Während eines Jahres war ich meiner felbst nicht bewust, und ba es mir unmög= lich war, von ihr entfernt zu leben verlies ich alles und fam hierher. Sie die meine Seele liebt, wohnt am Kuffe jenes Berges, und fommt jeden Abend, eine Stunde, mit mir guzubringen. Um biefen Troff gut geniesen, bleibe ich bier an dieser Stelle, und boffe, daß burch Gottes Gülfe alles gut geben werbe. — Dann fagte ich, wemn sie biefen Abend fommt, und du willft fie auf mein Camel fegen, nimm alles,

was du von Werth hast mit dir, und kommt beyde mit mir. Der Schritt meines Thieres ist so schnell, daß ihr vor dem Andruch des Tages sern von hier seyn werdet. Alsdemn sollst du, ohne daß dich jemand hindert, das Vergnügen genießen, bey deiner Geliebten zu seyn, und es soll dir zugleich freysteben, deinen Wohnsiß aufzuschlagen, wo es dir behaget, denn das Land Gottes ist sehr groß, und so viel ich vermag, will ich dir in allem behülflich seyn. Wein Vorschlag gesiel ihm, und er nahm ihn mit besonderer Zufriedenheit an. Wir erwarteten mit Ungedult; bis der Abend herannahe, um zu hören, was das Mädchen sagen würde.

Beim Eintritt der Abenddämmerung giengen wir nach der Thür, und sahen ihrer Ankunft mit voller Erwartung entgegen. Jedes Geräusch schien und den Tritt ihres Fusses zu verkündigen. Er bestrebte sich ihren Wohlgeruch von der Luft einzuathmen. Wir warteten mit Besorgniß so lange vergebens, daß mein Better mit zitternder Stimme ausbrach. Ein Unglück muß sie auf dem Wege betroffen haben! Erwarte hier meine Rückfunft, ich will gehen, nach ihr zu sehen. Indem er dies gesagt hatte, gieng er in das Zelt, nahm sein Schwert, und eilte von dammen.

Nach Berlauf von zwer Stunden fam er zurück, und brachte ein Bündel unter feinem Arme. Tod tenbläffe bectte fein Angeficht, gitterenb, und verftöhrt eilte er auf mich zu, und indem er fatten tief was er gebracht hatte, fank er unbeweglich zu meinen Füssen. Rach einer Weite schien Leben in ihm gut rück zu fehren, aber seine Ohnmacht wich nur, um ben bitterften Klagen Mag zu machen. In Berzweiflung schrie er endlich aus - Ein Lowe überfiel - zeriß meine Geliebte! Sieb! Bier ibr Gewand, ihr Schleier, und ihr Blut! Bier ift nun als les, was von ihr übrig geblieben ift. Als er biefes gesprochen hatte, blieb er eine Stunde in einer Berguckung, und beftete seine Blicke in einem sprachtofen Starren auf ihre Rleidung. Damn fcbien er weniger wild, und fagte: - Bleib! ich gebe aus; werde aber bald wiederfommen.

Nach einer Stunde kam er in das Zelt zurück. — Er hatte den Kopf des Löwen in seiner Hand, warf ihn auf den Boden, verlangte Wasser von mir, und nachdem er das gerunnene Blut davon gewasschen hatte, küßte er dessen Mund. Seine Thränen stossen nun aufs neue. Er blickte mit starrem Auge auf den Segenstand des Schreckens, welcher bis

jeso in einen Theil ihrer Kleibung eingewickelt war, und brach in einen gräßtichen Seufzer aus, ber mein Berg durchbohrte.

application applied their tensor and applied their methods

3ch nabete mich ibm, er ergrif meine Sand, und fagte! 3ch beschwöre bich ben ber Liebe umferer Berwandte - ben ber Kreunbschaft, welche wir einanber zugeschworen baben, biefe Begebenbeit für un fern Unverwandten gebeim zu halten. Lag es nie . über beine Lippen fommen. Doge bas Gebächtnif meines Unglück fowohl, als meiner Glückfeligkeit so kurz in ihrer Dauer — immer mit mir bier in Bergeffenheit begraben liegen. Ich werde balb aufboren zu fenn. Wenn ich tobt bin, masche mich, fleibe mich mit ber Kleidung meiner Geliebten, und begrabe mich mit dem was von ihr übrig ift umer ben Eingang biefes Beltes. Alles mas es enthält, ift bein: Mögeft bu es in größerem Glücke genießen, als ich! Auf biese Worte begab er sich in die innerfte Abtheilung bes Zeltes. Nach einer Stunde fam er guruct; fant auf ben Boben, brückte meine Sand und verschied.

Bestürzt über den Anblick wünschte ich mir ansfänglich den Tod; Ich erinnerte mich aber bessen,

was er mir anempfohlen hatte. Nachdem ich ihn gewaschen, begrub ich ihn seinem Willen gemäs, und blieb dren Tage an seinem Grab zu weinen. Denn kehrte ich voll von Betrübniß über diesen traurigen Zufall— statt nach dem Lande der Camele zu reisen, nach dem Ort meines vorigen Aufenthalts zurück. Denn das Unglück, von welchem ich so eben Zeuge gewesen ware — hatte mich gänzlich von Liebe gez heilet.

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# VERSES.

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THE VERSES which follow, were long ago printed; but with more defects than their own. They are here annexed, for the sake of correcting them.

#### VERSES.

By the side of the stream that strays thro' the grove, I met in a ramble the blithe God of love; His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly tied, His quiver in negligence clank'd at his side; A grasp-full of arrows he held to my view, Each wing'd with a feather, that differ'd in hue. This, fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun, I aim at the heart that no danger will shun; And this, from the peacock, all gaudy, array'd, The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade: When I aim at the prattler, who talks, void of wit, My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit; And when I've a mind that the jealous should smart, An owl-feather'd arrow will pierce through his heart. For the youth in whom truth and fondness reside, From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd; This I value the most:—and this 't was, I found, From you, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.

### CONJUGAL LOVE.

AN ELEGY.

Ir aught of bliss sincere hath e'er been giv'n,

To those who dwell so far beneath the skies,

That bliss, which makes on earth a present heav'n,

Can only from the purest passions rise.

Has actived, in negligence clay to de in

Say, do not storms uproot the lofty oak,

That crowns with majesty the mountain's brow;

While lowly shrubs escape the thunder's stroke,

And wave their verdure in the vale below?

Say, does that soil whose bosom gold contains,

From its rich lap in more profusion throw,

Or sweeter flow'rs than scent unpillag'd plains,

Where baneful gold hath ne'er been taught to glow?

And this, from the prescut, all gandy, arright,

Say, does that haughty bird whose gaudy train

Attracts the full gaze of the splendid day,

Pour from the heart so soothing, sweet a strain,

As modest Philomela's melting lay?

Ambition, avrice, and the pomp of pride,
Seductive oft, may lure unheedful eyes,
But ne'er can tempt my right-on foot aside;
These who pursue, will ne'er obtain the prize.

Remote from envy, far from madding strife,

I nothing want, of competence possess'd;

Amid the scenes of mild domestic life,

I'll seek, by blessing others, to be bless'd.

Be mine the first, the most endearing care,

That nought may e'er disturb my Delia's joy:

Whate'er to her could cause the lightest fear,

Would instant all my happiness destroy.

For her I 'd wake e'en at the glimpse of dawn,

And blithsome at the heavy plough would toil;

Anticipating, e'er my wish'd return,

The ready welcome of an heart-felt smile.

When autumn o'er our fields her produce spreads,
And vying reapers bend in adverse rows;
With pleasure she the yellow landscape treads,
And wipes the dews of labour from their brows.

Should sickness e'er molest my menial train,

With lenient hand she 'd ev'ry grief assuage;

Her sympathy would draw the sting of pain,

Revive the young, and charm e'en wayward age.

Should some kind friend frequent our humble shed,
With studious ease she'd grace the frugal board;
Before our guest her rural treasures spread,
Nor boast a treat but what our grounds afford.

Should some bewilder'd trav'ler as he strays,

Protection seek beneath our shelt'ring roof,

For him she'll make the cheerful hearth to blaze,

Of hospitality the promptest proof.

The hallow'd raptures of the bridal bed,
When, first entranc'd, we seal'd our mutual vow,
Transport less poignant through the bosom sped,
Than yields the fond delight that fills us now.

Ah, speak, my Delia, thy o'erflowing heart,
When, cradl'd in thine arm, the tender boy,
With filial smile doth first begin t' impart,
He knows his mother, source of all his joy!

Or, when around my knees the infant band,
In clamb'ring contest seek the envy'd kiss,
Impetuous, each extends the pleading hand,
T' assert his claim, and all obtain the bliss;

While we, in sportive contest, strive to trace,
In which each parent's semblance most prevails,
Their father's vigour and thy winning grace,
In varied mixture o'er each feature steals.

Oft, when their little tongues but ill can tell

The sprightly fancies in their brain that rise;

With keen attention thou explor'st them well,

And read'st the meaning in their speaking eyes.

"Delightful task, the tender thought to rear,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"
To prune each impulse that a vice might bear,
And tend with fos'tring hand the rip'ning fruit!

When tott'ring lambkins, from the searching air,
Unable yet the fresh world to sustain,
Demand the fold, be their's the tender care,
Nor will they hear the suff'rers bleat in vain.

When timid red-breast, pinch'd by taming cold,

Enters our friendly cot in search of food;

Be their's the joy to make the stranger bold,

And learn the luxury of doing good.

Thus, with their op'ning minds our pleasures spread,
While they in all that's just and gen'rous thrive,
Till autumn's mellowing bues our days o'ershade,
Then in our scyons we'll again revive.

Fond mem'ry then shall make us feel anew,

Those happy hours, when you first touch'd my heart;

Recall each dear idea to our view,

When you that wounded, smiling eas'd the smart.

Then, in my boys, some lovely maid I'll woo,
Whose virtues, and whose form, resemble thine;
While, in your girls, shall pay his court to you,
Some honest youth, whose bosom glows like mine.

And when, at length, draws on the gloom of death,
We'll praise our God for all his blessings giv'n;
In gentle slumber yield our easy breath,
And, both transported, wake to bliss in heav'n.

Or, when the vilot longesthe ground, or Second the pure systems breathing reasons. The gorden takes the gladient grows.

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WRITTEN, IN THE CLOSE OF WINTER,

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## A FRIEND, de b'dissent di W

JUST LEAVING A PAYOURITE RETIREMENT,
PREVIOUS TO SETTLING ABROAD.

O'er the wide beat who the roll of tell or

Your presence long hath deign'd to grace,
With soft'ning eye and heart deplore,
The conscious scenes, your own no more.

When vernal clouds their influence show'r,
Expand the bud, and rear the flow'r,
Who to youd leafing grove will come,
Where the rath primrose loves to bloom,
And fondly seek, with heedful tread,
The forward floret's downy head?

This will be sufficient the bounce bladed great W

Or, when the vi'let leaves the ground,
Scent the pure perfume breathing round?
The garden tribes that gladlier grew,
While cherish'd by your fost'ring view,
No more disclose their wonted hues,
No more their wonted sweets diffuse!

Who first will spy the swallow's wing?

Or hear the cuckoo greet the spring?

Unmark'd shall then th' assiduous dove,

With ruffling plumage, urge his love;

Unnoted, though in lengthen'd strain,

The bashful nightingale complain!

O'er the wide heath who then delight,

Led by the lapwing's devious flight,

To see her run, and hear her cry,

Most clam'rous with least danger nigh!

Who, saunt'ring oft, will listless stay,
Where rusticks spread th' unwither'd hay,
And, o'er the field, survey askance
The wavy vapour quiv'ring dance?
Or, sunk supine, with musing eye,
Listen the hum of noon-day fly?
Or watch the bee from bell to bell,
Where shelter'd lilies edge the dell?

While, done the shelpfold and much call to

Or, mid the sultry heat reclin'd,

Beneath the poplar woo the wind?

While, to the lightest air that strays.

Each leaf its hoary side displays.

Who, drawn by nature's varying face,
O'er heav'n the gath'ring tempest trace?
Or, in the rear of sunny rain,
Admire the wide bow's gorgeous train,
Till, blended, all its tincts decay,
And the dimm'd vision fleets away,
In misty streams of ruddy glow,
That cast an amber shine below;
And, melting into ether blue,
The freshen'd verdure gild anew!

Who now ascend the upland lawn,
When morning times the kindling dawn,
To view the goss'mer pearl'd with dew,
That glist'ring shoots each mingling hue?
Or mark the clouds in liveries gay
Precede the radiant orb of day?
Who, when his amplest course is run,
Wistful pursue the sinking sun?
To common eyes he vainly shines;
Unheeded rises, or declines!

The road that winds adams the down of

In vain with saffron light o'erspread,
Yond summit lifts its verdant head,
Defining clear each whiten'd cote,
And tuft of copse, to eye remote;
While, down the side-long steep, each oak,
Outbraving still the wood-man's stroke,
Detains, athwart th' impurpling haze,
A golden glance of west'ring rays.

Admire the large bowle gorgeout train,

The rook-lov'd groves, and grange between; Dark hedge-row elms, with meadows green; The grey church, peeping half through trees; Slopes waving corn, as wills the breeze; The podding bean-field, strip'd with balks; The hurdl'd sheep-fold; hoof-trod walks; The road that winds aslant the down; The yellow furze-brake; fallow brown; The wind-mill's scarcely circling vane; The villager's returning wain; The orient window's crimson blaze, Obtrusive flaring on the gaze; The eager heifer's echoing low, Far from her calf compell'd to go; From topmost ash the throstle's lay, Bidding farewell to parting day; w spin habsadall

The dale's blue smokes that curling rise;
The toil-free hind that homeward hies;
The stilly hum from glimmering wood;
The lulling lapse of distant flood;
The whitening mist that widening spreads,
As winds the brook adown the meads;
The plank and rail that bridge the stream;
The rising full moon's umber'd gleam,
Twixt sev'ring clouds that, richly dight,
Let gradual forth her bright'ning light;
No more the onward foot beguile,
Where pollards rude protect the stile.

Whose look now scans the dusky sphere,
To note succeeding stars appear?
Who now the flushing dawn descries,
That upward streams o'er northern skies?
Or the wan meteor's lurid light,
That, headlong trailing, mocks the sight?

Mid the lush grass, who now require

The glow-worm's ineffectual fire?

Or catch the hells from distant vale,

That load by fits the fresh'ning gale,

Till flurry'd from her ivy'd spray,

The moping owl rewing her way?

When autumn sere the copse invades,

No more you haunt the wood-land glades,

To eye the change from bough to bough;

Or eddying leaf descending slow,

That, lighting near her calm retreat,

Prompts the shy hare to shift her seat;

Or, peering squirrel nimbly glean

Each nut that hung before unseen;

Or, flitting down from thistle born;

Or, glossy haw that crowds the thorn,

Whence, oft in saws, observers old

Portend the length of winter's cold!

Wak'd by the flail's redoubling sound,
When spangling hoar-frost crisps the ground,
No more forego bewild'ring sleep,
To climb with health yound airy steep!
When deep'ning snows oppress the plain
The birds no more their boon obtain;
The red-breast, hov'ring round your doors,
No more the stated mess implores!
Where all that needed found relief,
No tearful eye laments their grief;
No lenient hand dispels their pain;
Fainting they sue, yet sue in vain.

The moping owl rewing her wa

But though the scenes you now deplore, With heart and eye, be your's no more; Though now each long known object seem Unreal, as the morning's dream; You still with retrospective glance, Or rapt in some poetic trance, At will, may ev'ry charm renew; Each smiling prospect still review: Through mem'ry's power and fancy's aid, The pictur'd phantoms ne'er shall fade. And, oh! where'er your footsteps roam, Where'er you fix your future home, May joys attending crown the past, And heav'n's best mansion be your last!

#### FINIS.

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But though she were now you as higher hall With head and over the war's no how the Though their reach their hundred where the ad Clarest, as the recentled a december of the You this with multiple but growth of which Or rapid the xoute positis I have twinty on the view year liew th Buch stilling property and content. Thought the track San the test the test of soul The state of the s And, cold whereless the There's you all you we spad W May joys attending crown the past, And heaviled best mentalon be your had . The last her has the count or several of the sevents Control of Parkets 

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